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JACK LONG.

A DRAMA.

IN TWO ACTS.

By J. B. JOHNSTONE, Esq.

Author of "The Gipsy Doctor," &c.

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	M. F.		M. F.
101. Absent Minded, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2 1	109. Deaf as a Post, Ethiopian sketch.....	2
102. African Box, burlesque, 2 scenes.....	6	111. Devils of Tongues, Ethiopian burlesque, 1 act.....	6 1
103. African Board, musical Ethiopian burlesque, 1 scene.....	2 2	112. Desperate Situation (A), farce, 1 act.....	2 2
104. Amiable, farce, 2 scenes.....	2	113. Deaf (The), sketch, 1 scene.....	2
105. Awful Eve (An), Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	3 1	114. Dutchman's Ghoul, 1 scene.....	1 1
106. Baby's Play, sketch, 2 scenes.....	7 1	115. Dutch Justice, laughable sketch, 1 scene.....	11
107. Bad Witch, Irish sketch, 1 scene.....	2 1	116. Editor's Typhoon, farce, 1 scene.....	2
108. Barrow's Courtship, musical interlude, 1 act.....	1 2	117. Elmer's What is It sketch.....	4 1
109. Big Man, sketch, 1 scene.....	4	118. Election Day, Ethiopian farce, 2 acts.....	4 1
110. Black Chap from Whiteshead, Negro piece.....	4	119. Engagement (The), farce, 2 scenes.....	4 1
111. Black Chorus, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	120. Escape Trick, sketch, 1 scene.....	10 1
112. Black Court, sketch, 1 scene.....	4 1	121. Fellow that Looks like Mr. Interlude, 1 scene.....	2 1
113. Black Court, sketch, 1 scene.....	4 1	122. First Night (The), Dutch farce, 1 act.....	4 1
114. Black Court, sketch, 1 scene.....	4 1	123. Frobenius's Inch, sketch, 1 scene.....	2
115. Black Court, sketch, 1 scene.....	4 1	124. Fun in a Cooper's Shop, Ethiopian sketch.....	8
116. Black Court, sketch, 1 scene.....	4 1	125. Gentleman, King of Last Year, Ethiopian burlesque, 2 scenes.....	6 1
117. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	126. German Emperor (The), sketch, 1 act.....	2 2
118. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	127. Getting Square to the Call Boy, sketch, 1 scene.....	2
119. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	128. Ghost (The), sketch, 1 act.....	2
120. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	129. Ghost in a Pawn Shop, sketch, 1 scene.....	4
121. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	130. Glycerine Oil, sketch, 2 scenes.....	2
122. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	131. Going for the Cup, interlude.....	4
123. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	132. Good Night, sketch, 1 scene.....	2
124. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	133. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
125. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	134. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
126. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	135. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
127. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	136. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
128. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	137. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
129. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	138. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
130. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	139. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
131. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	140. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
132. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	141. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
133. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	142. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
134. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	143. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
135. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	144. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
136. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	145. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
137. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	146. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
138. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	147. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
139. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	148. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
140. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	149. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
141. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	150. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
142. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	151. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
143. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	152. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
144. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	153. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
145. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	154. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
146. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	155. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
147. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	156. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
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163. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	172. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
164. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	173. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
165. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	174. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
166. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	175. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
167. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	176. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
168. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	177. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
169. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	178. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
170. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	179. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
171. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	180. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
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180. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	189. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
181. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	190. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
182. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	191. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
183. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	192. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
184. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	193. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
185. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	194. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
186. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	195. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
187. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	196. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
188. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	197. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
189. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	198. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
190. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	199. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2
191. Black and White, Ethiopian sketch.....	6 1	200. Good and Bad, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2

JACK LONG;

OR,

THE SHOT IN THE EYE

3 Drama,

IN TWO ACTS.

By J. B. JOHNSTONE, Esq.,
Author of "The Gipsy Farmer," etc.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—SCENES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

NEW YORK:

ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER.

1877.

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CHARACTERS

Jack Long.

Ben Small.

Noah Gibbs.

Hector, a Negro.

Hinch.

Planters, Slaves, Traders, etc.

May Gibbs.

Female Settlers, Slave-girls, etc.

Willie Jones.

White.

Stoner.

Ben.

East Hartlin

TIME OF PLAYING—One Hour and Twenty Minutes.

SCENERY—(Texas.)

ACT I.—Scene 1: Frontier Settlement, in 5th groove.



View on flat, Texas country, cottonwood trees, cañons, etc., with prairie in distance. Sunrise effect. Wings, L. set, 31, 34 and 4th grooves, trees; wings, n. 1st, 32 and 4th grooves, trees; sinks, 1 and 2 n., trees arching over stage; upper entrances, with the borders, sky; n. 2 n. closed in, set house—log cabin—with window and practicable door; over door a shingle lettered in black: "BEN SMALL, Trader and General Dealer." L. 2 n., closed in, set house—log cabin, with large double door; a large sign: "BEN SMALL, Artist in Iron, Smith, Farrier, etc., etc. N. E. Ryals repaired!" A, stump of a tree for target, set.

Scene 2: Room in Log Cabin, in 1st groove; blankets painted as if hung up; Mexican striped blanket instead of door for n. in v., to draw aside.

Scene 3: Same as Scene 1, Act I. Thick planks (slabs) set with their ends on chopping-blocks or stumps, L. 1 n. and n. for seats; target-board, to be fixed to stump up n., with trick holes to be discovered as if bullets had made them; a door laid on two flour barrels n., with keg and samojonas and glasses, and an American dog or two stuck on it.

A Life for a Cash. 1931

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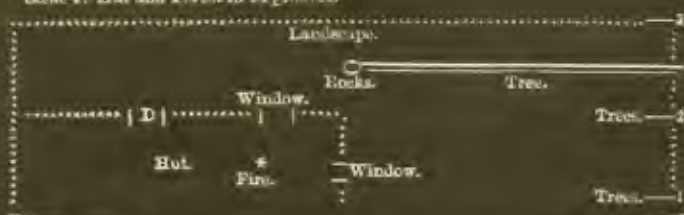
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JACK LONG.

ACT II.—Scene 1: A Cypress Swamp in 1st groove, stage is dark throughout.
Scene 2: Interior of Log Cabin. n. n. 4th n., large window L. in n., backed by wood. In 3d groove.

Scene 3: Wood in 1st groove; stage is dark.

Scene 4: Hut and Forest in 3d groove.



n. 1 n. to c., hut; roof 10 or 12 feet above stage level, is half off and ruinous, made of canvas and pasteboard stained for bark of birch, etc. Landscape on flat, a canon or ravine runs up from stage to mid-the distance; forest in distance; mountains seen above, beyond forest. L. 1 n. an old fallen tree forms a practicable bridge from entrance to a set rock at n. c.; the wire-rope supporters, serving also as rails to the person walking on it, are disguised as creeping-plants; in front, L. c., a very heavy rough frame an inclined plane towards the stage; Where is to fall, slide a little down, and die on this. The left half of stage is built up and arranged to look like the continuation of the ravine on flat; dark blue cloth down for depth effect. Moon (limelight), n. 1 n., to send a ray from raking-passes over hut to L. v. n., upon the tree. n. v. n., light of steps, masked by set rocks, the top of it higher than the hut-roof; practicable to one room.

Scene 5: Wood in 1st groove. Rush to run on, a little, L. side.

Scene 6: Landscape in 3d groove.



Wings L. side, all trees. n. 1st and 3d grooves, wings, trees; borders and sinks, trees, to these and across; sky borders and sinks to other entrances. Upper n. and transverse part of n. 3 n., open for canvas water, for river. A small Southern or Western river steamboat, to work n. to L. in n. n. Rock L., is large enough to enable it being taken off undiscovered. See to black cotton or silk fur for smoke out of pipe. Sunrise effect. Landscape on flat; on n., half the river widens and blends with haze about a forest; L. side the bank with cottonwood trees is seen.



COSTUME.—(*Frontier.*)

JACK LONG.—*Act I:* Hunter's dress of buckskin, fringed with red and dark blue, with beadwork; belt with Indian pipe, quilled and hair-fringed, tomahawk, eight-inch bowie with buckhorn handle; powder-horn with thong to wear it by; shot-pouch; moccasins; squirrel-cap with tails left on; hair rather long; beard and moustache. *Scene 3d:* Hunting-shirt to come off; striped or hick-ory shirt. *Act II:* Same, but dress rather ragged and discolored; hair and beard very long and untrimmed; rifle and knife as before.

HINCH.—Mexican jacket of black velvet, with metal buttons and lace, gray shirt, black trousers, knee-high cowhide boots; rifle and knife. *Act II:* Hair longer, face thin and pale; hunter's dress, rifle and knife.

NOAH GIBBS.—Gray hair; homespun suit, something of a Quaker cut.

REES, STONER, WHITE.—Half-hunters, half-law whites. Leggings, straw

BEN SMALL.—Yankee, as usual.

HECTOR.—Negro. Fancy cotton shirt, with broad collar, loose trousers to mid-calf, broad-brimmed straw hat, cowhide gloves.

WILLIE JONES.—Peddler. Englishman. Light hair and beard; long-skirted coat, belt around waist, pack with straps; high boots.

INDIANS, HALF-BREEDS, PLANTERS, NEGRO SLAVES, as usual.

MAY GIBBS.—*Act I:* Neat, plain white dress. *Act II:* Dark dress.

INDIAN.—Very gay cotton print dress, bandanna head-bandkerchief, large ear-rings, rings, necklace of gilt beads.

PLANTERS' WIVES, SLAVE GIRLS, as usual.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I, Scene 1st. Rope horse-halter; rifles, knives, hatchets and equipments for Regulators. *Scene 3:* Seats for Spectators (see SCENERY); slaves, horns, darajohns, keg; target (see SCENERY and Play for the tricks to it); rifles to shoot; rope to tie Jack. *Act II, Scene 1:* Peddler's pack and walking-stick; weapons for Regulators as before. *Scene 2:* Horse-pistol, sand-paper, clamshell-leather wash cloth, table, two chairs, powder-horn; thunder, lightning; tree to fall into cabin. *Scene 4:* Firesticks arranged in circle, red fire in the centre, Indian fashion; gourd; rifles to fire. *Scene 5:* Powder for Jack, not to fire. *Scene 6:* Standout.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. C. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Grove.

R. C. C. L. C. L.

* The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

[For Synopsis of Scenery and Incidents, etc., see page 26.]

JACK LONG.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Texan Frontier Settlement, in 5th grooves. Music. Gas up half-turn, gradually turned on to heighten the sunrise effect.*

Hinch enters, R. D. E., and down C. cautiously, horse halter in one hand.

HINCH. All right. I'd a sharp run for it, but I've distanced them. They lost my trail as I crossed the stream at Eagle Point. I left the boss in Jack Long's grass-patch. Come night, and all goes well. I can remove him if he's found before. They'll conceit Jack's the thief, so I'm safe. (*front, looks up*) So, day is breaking; its bright face is peeping over the hills. (*winds the halter round his waist, loose-fashion, with the loop hanging down his left thigh*) I must be off. (*going L.*)

Enter STONER, R. D. E.

STONER. Hinch! (*comes down.*)

HINCH (*stops*). Hullo! who the devil's that? (*crosses to E.*)

STO. (*holds up right hand with fore-finger crossed behind the middle-finger*). A friend and Regulator.

HINCH. What! Stoner? (*R. front.*)

STO. (*L. front*). The same! (*they approach one another*) I say, you've been doin' a little on your own hook! that's hardly proper, I guess. Our agreement was, share and share alike.

Enter, L. 1 E., REES.

REES. Yes, and after all, you 're the first to break it.

HINCH. What do you mean?

*Enter, L. 1 E., WHITE, half drunk, crossing to HINCH.**

WHITE. Why, he means you've run off a boss. We laid eyes on you at Eagle Point, and trailed you hyar, after you had turned it into Jack Long's railed-in patch. Now, that boss belongs by our bond to all, and it isn't prairie law for dog to rob dog.

HINCH. Well, I can't starve.

WHITE. No, nor you shan't (*hic*) starve us!

* REES. HINCH. WHITE. STONER.
R. C. C. L. C. L.

HINCH (*plays with his knife, but finally smiles*). Well, I own I was wrong; but I couldn't scare up any o' yow.

REES (*winching*). That's strange, we are easy found!

WHITE. Oh, you see, he wasn't pertickler in his scouting. Some folks go about seeking what they heartily wish they may never find. That couldn't have been Hinch's case, (*closes one eye*.)

HINCH (*handles his rifle threateningly*). What?

WHITE (*lifts his rifle*). Now, don't do that! You'll get very little by sending a bullet through my brains, spare your powder and mind your eye, for this mornin's shootin'-match when you'll git a new rifle—if Jack Long don't walk over your head.

HINCH. Jack Long! My curse upon Jack Long!

WHITE. With all my heart! he's not one of our kidney. He defies us all. He seems to be regulated by the Regulators.

HINCH. I'll fix him yet! (*feels the edge of his knife meaningly*.)

REES. Mind what you're about. He's not a man to be trifled with.

HINCH. Oh, I've no care for him.

WHITE. No! but you've some fear, and no mistake, about that death-dealing rifle of his—there's not a hunter in all the Ingh lands, nay, not in all Texas, can send a bullet plumb centre to the mark like him; let him but catch the eye of the animal, and it's as dead as a door-nail; or I'm no living man! (*goes up a little and returns. Gas up.*)

REES. I say, Hinch, he's crossed you in another affair, ain't he? The pretty May Gibbs?

HINCH. Not he! (*shrugs his shoulders*) I cared not for the gal.

WHITE. She's bright-eyed and well-set in gold. When her father dies, he'll cut up rich as a buffalo; old Noah Gibbs has been a thriving man all his life, and if Jack Long gits the gal, he'll git the money, and, they say, there's no doubt of that!

HINCH (*frowning*). Don't be too sure of that! There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

Enter BEN SMALL, R. 2. S. D.

BEN (*Pinkie twang*). Good mornin', gentlemen, you're airy! Kin I dew anything for you in my way. (*waves his hands R. and L.*) Air yew goin' to patronize me for powder for the shootin'-match? Haeow air yew off for lead, major?

WHITE. How air yew off for brass?

BEN. Wall, connie, that's an article I don't dew much in; if I should calkerlate that way, will you give me your countenance? (*see to gun, ready to flee R. V. E.*)

HINCH. Sharp!

WHITE. That's more than his knives are.

BEN. Oh! don't say that! if there's any one thing I pride myself on more than another, it's the cut of my cutlery.

WHITE. Well, we won't quarrel about quality.

BEN. I'm sure yew can't about the price, for I haven't seen the color of a red cent from you for some time past.

WHITE. Well, what of that? Ain't I one of your protectors? Ain't we the very heart and soul of the settlement. Don't we defend you from all enemies? are we not a constituted band of brave hunters, pledged to protect both person and property? Don't we administer Lynch law to all who dare rob or steal our side the frontier.

BEN. Oh! that's very true. You let nobody rob—but yourselves.

WHITE. What did President Tyler say when the settlement applied to him and Congress? Tell me that!

BEN. What did he say? Why, he said: Fight it out among yourselves and be hanged to yew! (*gun shot R. V. E. All start*) I kin tell by the ring whose iron that is. If that's not Jack Long, never pay me for my powder. (*music.*)

*Enter, JACK LONG, R. V. E., loading rifle as he comes down L. of BEN.**

JACK (*to C.*). Hullo! what's Congress met for? Is there anything about that the Regulators are after so soon. What, President Hinch, is there a screw loose? has the red nigger quit the chapparal to scare the pale-face—has the greasy red left his covert to bring blood and fire into the peaceful settlement? If 'tis so, Jack Long's heart, hand and rifle are ready in the cause!

HINCH. The defenders of the settlement are sufficient to meet danger, should danger come.

JACK. Oh, are they? Well, I am happy to hear it. You'll excuse me, but if anything of the sort happens, I mean to have "a finger on the hair!" (*flourish of knife.*)

HINCH. You're no Regulator.

JACK. Well, Regulator or no Regulator, I shall do it.

HINCH. Then, why not join us?

JACK. (*leans on rifle*). Because I don't like you.

WHITE. (*L. of JACK*). Well, that's plain.

JACK. But honest!

BEN. The plainness he perfectly understands—the honesty doubtful.

JACK. When law is 'vested in the hands of a few, it's apt to be partial and there's so little mercy in your administering it that I sometimes think that you strain a point. You form your own Judge and jury! (*the others recede and form a line L., while BEN is R., on JACK'S R.*)† and Heaven help the poor devil that falls into your hands. Punishment follows sentence too rapidly to let cool judgment wait upon fair justice. Few escape!

BEN. Aye, they are sharp set for the pickings of office. Lynch law is paid for, as well as any other sort o' law, and a lost case is a lost coin, so, when there's no money there's no mercy!

HINCH. What? do you think we'd take a bribe? (*the others murmur and look indignant.*)

BEN. Oh, no! bless you, I don't think you would take anything—out of your reach!

HINCH. Pah! there's nothing gained by talking to you.

BEN. There would be, I guess, if you'd pay proper attention; but if yew air an idle scholar, I shall never make my money out o' yew.

HINCH. Bah! Stoner and Rees, you'll come with me, won't you? (*crosses L. REES and STONER look at one another.*)

REES. Aye, aye. (*REES and STONER go L.*)‡

BEN. Here! take White along with you, or he'll look back at being my-jected!

* REES. R.	BEN. R. & C.	JACK. C.	HINCH. C.	WHITE. L. & C.	STONER. L.
	* BEN. R. & C.	JACK. C.		REES. STONER. WHITE. HINCH. L. & C.	
† BEN. R. & C.	JACK. C.	WHITE. L. & C.	REES. STONER.	HINCH.	

HISCH. We shall meet you, friend Long, at the shooting-match to-day. I suppose?

JACK. Safe! I never make a *miss* at a shooting-match.

BEN. It would be better for sun fokes (*looks at Hirsch*) if yew didn't make so many hits.

HISCH. Take care you don't git a hit. Your tongue will git you into trouble one of these days.

BEN. Never mind my *tongue*, take care of *your own teeth*!

HISCH. Come along, my lad! that chattering pie is no game for the bold hunter; the soaring eagle holds in contempt the fluttering of the brainless sparrow; the rays of the bright sun laugh at the light of the feeble lamp. So I look with scorn on the petty peddler and looking, leave him. (*music*) [*Exeunt Hirsch, Stroyer, Bens, and White, L. 1 R.*]

BEN. (*crosses to C.*) Here! hullo! what dew yew mean by petty peddler? allow me to say, mister, I'm an independent citizen, the proprietor of a store! (*L.*)

JACK. (*R. C.*) Ben, does he owe you anything?

BEN. A trifle.

JACK. He's paid you! go in and give him a receipt.

BEN. A rope, you mean? (*imitates hanging.*)

JACK. He'll get that some day or another, if I don't mistake. I've my suspicions that Mr. Hirsch is downright buzzardment, but, as it's not in my nature to condemn a man on suspicion, I shall leave time to determine whether he is an honest man or a rogue; when, if my thoughts are deceitful, I shall be the first to take him by the hand and acknowledge my error.

BEN. I'll bet a heap that your suspicions are confirmed sooner than you expect. Did you ever see such a hang-gallows look as he has got?

JACK. That's no fault of his; we ain't all of us born beautiful. Many a pretty dour has an ugly latch, a dark outside sometimes covers a fair heart. It's a hard law that hangs a man for his looks. But I must be off.

BEN. I know. (*clinks*) Your road lies towards the Squire's. May Gibbs—

JACK. Well! where's the harm? 'Tisn't treason against the Lone Star State to love a pretty girl, is it? I think the best feather in a man's cap is the true affection of an honest-hearted maiden. Man's not a lonely animal. Woman was formed that he might love and honor her. She is the pilot through Life's rough and stormy sea, his hope, his trust! The cargo of his happiness is on board the bark, of which Woman is the anchor.

BEN. Jack—Jack Long, or Long Jack, or whatever Jack you like—give us the grip of your honest hand. Yew air a man arter my own heart, yew air! To hear yew talk has made me quite connubial. I'll marry the fust woman that will have me, I'll have a jint-stock com-arn; no more one-hoss trading for me. I'll have a partner, and the firm shall be Small & Co. (*points to house R. and L.*) for the future!

JACK. Hark ye, Ben! if that ever comes off, I'll drink a horn to the success of the firm, and when you get a juvenile partner or two, yours will become quite a thriving concern.

BEN. I feel quite the father of a family, I dew! feel—Oh! yew know how I feel, don't yew, Jack? Oh, who would be single?

JACK. A great many, I believe, if they had their wish.

BEN. Dissatisfied devils!

JACK. Yes; who thought to marry angels and found them women, and, soured by disappointment, became ill-tempered and rendered her miserable—her that, by kindness and attention might have become the angel they sought for.

BEN. They spoiled you, Jack, when they made you a hunter.

JACK. You'll spoil me if I stay loitering my time away with you. I must away to Noah's and fetch May; for the hour's approaching for the shooting-match. So look out, Ben, and when the time comes for the sacrifice, send for me and I'll give you away. (*music*)

[*Exit JACK, L. 1 R.*]

BEN. I've made up my mind. I'll marry—and the first—the very first woman that says—

[*Enter DIXIE, R. 1 R., during above.*]

DIXIE. (*interrupting*). Mr. Small!

BEN. (*aside*). Oh, fate! Gbewblikins, I'm booked, and not in a bad ledger either. I've alays had a sneakin' kindness in this quarter.

DIXIE. Talking to yourself, Mr. Ben, is not the most polite way to receive a lady who comes to visit you.

BEN. No, my dear! I was not talking. I was thinking aloud.

DIXIE. Thinking should never be *allowed*! before a lady. 'Spose I buy thoughts, how much for yours?

BEN. Yew shall have them at your own price, my dear; they're a first-rate article, I can assure yew.

DIXIE. A first-rate article?

BEN. Yes. Yourself, my dear.

DIXIE. (*smiling*). You flatter!

BEN. I don't. I mean what I say, I'm a trader, and I generally find that words are made over the best of bargains. If yew kin look upon me with an eye of love, yew'll make happy a poor fellow-citizen that doats on you! There's my store! here's my hand, and all I've got is your'n!

DIXIE. Oh, it's so sudden, you take my breath away!

BEN. A broad hint! I'll seal the barg'n with a kiss! (*kisses DIXIE*)

DIXIE. That's always the way with you men; not satisfied with the tongue, you always apply to the lips for information.

BEN. The lip's a silent member, and generally votes in man's favor.

DIXIE. They say, Love's language is written in the eye.

BEN. May I read yours?

DIXIE. If you can.

BEN. Oh, I've a great knowledge in that language.

DIXIE. No doubt from experience.

BEN. Not on'y, I once lived in Eyes-land. I never kiss and tell.

DIXIE. Ah! I've only your word for that.

BEN. Put me to the test and I'll prove the truth I tell.

DIXIE. Keep off! I like mischief best at a distance.

BEN. Oh, there's no mischief in me. I am as harmless as a lamb.

DIXIE. Yes, and as giddy as a goose. And I'm almost as sensible as that dear bird to listen to you, when I should attend to my own business. (*crosses L.*)

BEN. But settle my business before yew go: say yew love me! Let me look the fond hope in my heart; you can keep the key.

DIXIE. I may lose it.

BEN. Then, I'm done brown, and I shall droop like a sun-dried daisy.

DIXIE. Well, I think—

BEN. Oh! heaven send you'll think kindly. You'll give me your hand, won't you?

DIXIE. Well, I think—

BEN. Oh!

DIXIE. Catch me, and I'll tell you.

[*Exit, L. 1 R.*]

BEN. Here's after you, and the devil take the hindmost. (*runs off L. 1 s.*)

Scene closes in.

SCENE II.—Room in the house.

Enter, L., HECTOR.

HECTOR. I've done gone tired ob doin' nuffin—I've been a-lookin' at de sun till him eyes ache. Massa gib Hector holiday—go see shootum-match, ke-yah! but him rader stay to home. I no like to mix in wid ginerol sassiety. (*struts up and down*) Dem dam picaynoe niggahs am so berry vulgar! and so non-intellectual—dey no mind! no brain! (*slaps his jaw*) all wool an' brack mawl.

Enter, D. in P., HINCH.

HINCH. Hyar, you nigger!

Hec. Did you obdress you'self to me, massa? (*attitude of haughtiness.*)

HINCH. I did, you black thief.

Hec. Him no thief—him a cibbl—him squiet, honest niggah.

HINCH. Well then, "honest nigger," tell me who's in the ranche?

Hec. I've in de house.

HINCH. I mean, of the family.

Hec. I've in de family.

HINCH. I tell you what it is, Master Hector, if you don't give me a direct answer, I'll lay a strip of buffler hide about your ribs that shall beat a decent reply to my question out of your rusty mouth.

Hec. Him no do dat, ki-yah!

HINCH. Indeed, and why?

Hec. 'Case I've not your niggah, and him no right to beat what don't b'long to him, and no man kin hab de (*advances to HINCH*) dam impudence and assurance to ill-use a niggah unless he has bought and paid for him. (*crosses R. HINCH rushes at HECTOR. Music.*)

Enter MAY GIBBS, D. in P. and parts them. Chord.*

MAY (C.). What means this violence beneath my father's roof? Here, sir, we rule by gentle means; we have too much respect for the feelings of those placed beneath us, to lacerate either heart or back.

HINCH. Ah! May, you are too soft-hearted; you'll teach these niggers insolence to their masters.

MAY. Kindness will teach them rather to love their masters. Go, Hector. My father needs your service.

Hec. Ise, him go, missus. (*aside*) She talk like a book an' like dat good Book too, dat teaches us all to hab kin' feelin' for one another.

(*Exit, D. in P.*)

HINCH. May, I should like to boast of some share of the kindness you bestow on others.

MAY. You may (*HINCH smilingly is about to take her hand*) when, like them, you deserve it. My friendship is ever extended to those who seek it, whatever their station in life.

HINCH. But, May, consider my love for you.

MAY. You have already heard my determination. Again I repeat

* HECTOR.

MAY.

HINCH.

with every friendly feeling, that I never could for a moment hold thought of your love; why then persist in a passion that is useless to yourself and annoying to me?

HINCH. You had other thoughts ere Mr. Long had crossed your path and married my hopes of happiness.

MAY. Not till then, love's shadow never dwelt even in my wildest dreams. My love was for the green tree and the budding flower, the wild-bird's song of sweetest melody, who, soaring, sang his grateful hymn of liberty! this was the affection that clung to my heart—this the love I nourished! (*crosses L.*)

HINCH. Ah! you're like you sex. A woman and a weathercock—

MAY. Insulter! The woman who truly loves, is as fixed in her impulse as is the steel that guides the mariner on the boundless deep—time, toil or peril can never change her purpose or control her passion.

HINCH. I but waste words with you. Let Mr. Long look out! The time may come when I can repay the obligations I owe him, and with interest, too.

MAY. Boasting before a woman of intended malice to the man she loves, is neither brave, honest nor honorable. Go teach your tongue another tale! From this moment, my ears are closed against your threatening speech.

HINCH. May, I would—(*music. HINCH approaches MAY.*)

Enter, D. in P., JACK LONG.

JACK (*to HINCH*). * Well, what would you?

HINCH. (*sullenly*). Why, I would—

JACK. I don't doubt you. Why, man, is there anything amiss?

MAY. No, no! If Mr. Hinch wishes to see my father, he will find him in the court, and—

JACK. Oh, I see. Mister Hinch, there is an old proverb that "two are company and three are none," which of course you have heard, and perfectly understand its meaning. If you permit me to show you the door, it shall be done in a most gentlemanly manner, I assure you. This way, if you please, this way. (*with much politeness bows HINCH off v. in P.*) What, May? the old story?

MAY. Oh, think no more of him.

JACK. Oh, I don't, my dear. He isn't worth a thought. He's but a fog that the brightness of your eyes will disperse like the mist before the sun. May, I mean this day to ask your father to part with his richest jewel, to give to me his diamond, that I may set it in a plain gold ring. (*takes MAY's hand.*)

Enter, D. in P., NOAH GIBBS.

GIBBS. † Hailon! hailon! What, Mr. Long peaching upon my estate, robbing a father of all his rosebud's love?

JACK. I'm but following your example, Mr. Gibbs. In your time, you stole a father's rosebud.

GIBBS. So I did, you dog, so I did! Bless you, May, you are the very picture of your poor dead and gone mother, and I shall find it a hard task to part with you.

MAY. There'll be no need of that, father: the same roof can shelter all.

* MAY.

JACK.

HINCH.

* MAY.

NOAH.

JACK.

GIBBS. Right, girl, right! and, agad! we shall be a sang family party. Let me see, the day after to-morrow shall be the wedding-day; then hey, for matrimony, mirth and mischief!

Enter D. in F., HECTOR.

Hec. Oh, massa! all de fokes is ready for de shootin'-match. Gibbs. Are they? then I'll be with them in a twinkling. Away with you, Hector, and saddle Thunder for me.

Hec. Iss, massa, as quick as mon flash ob lightning! roun' a butter-bikin!

JACK. We'll walk on to the shooting-ground; you can soon overtake us, when Hector has got your horse ready.

GIBBS. Oh, I understand. I am not wanted. Age and youth—oil and ice.

MAY (*reproachfully*). Father!

GIBBS. "Father!" Ah, girl, your tongue will ere long be taught another word for that: husband! but there, go along with you. (*L.*)

MAY. You'll not be long, father.

GIBBS. As if you cared how long I should be. Go along with you. (*music. Exit JACK and MAY, D. in F.*) Ah! there they go! They were made for each other. Heaven bless them! say I; as honest a lad and deserving a girl as any in the Lone Star State!

Enter HECTOR, D. in F.

Hec. Oh, massa, massa! we can't find de boss Thunder!

GIBBS. What?

Hec. Me tink um stole, massa.

GIBBS. Stolen! Those pesky Ingins have been at their tricks again. Away with you, Hector, to the Regulators, and tell them what has happened. Stay! I'll go myself. Saddle any horse you can find, and that you can first lay your hands on. Come, bustle, bustle—

Hec. Massa, me think—

GIBBS (*angrily*). What, Hector?

Hec. Massa, me tink—Boss Thunder gone out to de barbecue! (*music, lively. Gibbs chases HECTOR as long as it takes. Then, exeunt both, D. in F.*)

Scene changes to

SCENE III. *Same as Scene I.*

Discover HINCH, REES, STOKER, WHITE, and REGULATORS, ALL with rifles, D. C. and L.

HINCH (*to STOKER*). By this time, the hue-and-cry is up, take some of the men with you to Jack Long's. You know your errand. Away. (*music, fiddle to jig, rattling. STOKER and two or more REGULATORS exeunt L. I. R. Music, march, piano.*)

Enter JACK, L. D. E. Enter BEN, R. 2 D. D. LAMUS as Settlers' wives, etc., enter L. and R. D. E. E. Music, negro dance.

Enter SLAYER and SLAVE GIRLS, laughing and awkwardly. Introduce Dances by Ballet. Have them ready who are to shoot, R. D. D., and L. D. E.

BEN. There you are! Bright eyes and laffin' faces—that's the sun that lights a holiday.

JACK. Well, Ben, is all ready? (*Ben invites him to take a drink. Business at bar throughout.*)

HINCH. Now, lads, to your places. Ladies, to your seats. (*music.*)

MAY takes seat R. 2 D. JACK, HINCH and others who shoot form a group L. front. *Business of pushing forward several to shoot; they do so, but miss. HINCH fires. Discover round hole in target. Shout.*

ALL. Ah! Hoorsar! hooray! etc.

HINCH (*to JACK*). Here, look! look at that! Take a good look! can you beat that?

JACK. You don't call that shooting, do you?

HINCH. I should like to see you beat it!

JACK. Set up that board and I'll put a bullet through the very hole you have made. (*fix target as before. JACK loads, HINCH reloads*) It's a trick of mine—it's a way I learnt in old Kaintuck of always shooting the animal in the eye! If once I set eye to eye (*glances at HINCH*) my shot is certain. I always hit him that! (*Rees. Take down target. HECTOR with a knife digs bullets out of tree. Shout.*)

ALL. Ah!

REES. Clean through Hinch's bullet hole! (*HECTOR, during pause, drops the two bullets on the bar R.*)

HINCH. I'll bet the ears of a buffalo calf again' his that he can't do it again.

JACK. If you mean to bet your ears against mine, I'll take you. (*Rees. Bull is supposed to go again through the hole in target. Shout.*)

Enter, L. D. E., GIBBS.

GIBBS (*coming down*). Regulators, I've been robbed! (*ALL assume the air of interest. JACK reloads*) My best horse has been taken from my stable. I come to you, as you represent the justice of the settlement, for your assistance in the recovery of my property.

HINCH. A party of my men are out. I saw Ingins sign last night, and I guessed I should hear of their handiwork. If my lads have any luck, we shall hear of your horse in no time.

STOKER and the REGULATORS who made their exit previously, enter L. I. R.

HINCH. Well, what success?

STOKER (*to HINCH*). We've found the squire's boss.

HINCH. Well, that's lucky. Any trace of the thief?

STOKER. Yes. I think I kin p'int him out.

HINCH. What do you mean? Greaser or red?

STOKER. We found the horse in Jack Long's enclosure (*chord.*)

HINCH (*smiling*). What! is the honest Jack Long turned horse-thief?

JACK (*to C.*). Liar! Repeat that false assertion at your peril! (*ALL come down and form a semi-circle*) Look but the lie you have just uttered

*HINCH. JACK. NOAH. MAY.

!SETTLERS.

BEN. HINCH. JACK. NOAH. MAY.

and by Heaven! I'll tear the tongue out from your black and lying lips—or from any here that dares to breathe it! What! rob the friend of my early days, the father of my May! the maid I love! Oh! 'tis too wild a tale for even black-hearted malice or venomous spite to dream of.

HINCH. Oh, you may talk! Innocence is not proved by loud words. The property has been found in your possession, the evidence is strong against you, and I must—

GIBBS. Stop, stop, Mr. Hinch! not so fast. I believe I am the injured party in this case.

HINCH. You have nothing to do with it! Away with him! The Regulators award to him for this offence a dozen lashes—haul him up like a dog! Away with him. (music.)

STONER, REES, WHITE and REGULATORS seize JACK. BEN, GIBBS and HECTOR try to prevent it. *Struggle; knives are drawn and rifles raised. WHITE throws brass rope around JACK's arms. STONER takes JACK's rifle, but BEN forces him to give it up, and he pines it up, by bar. JACK rushes at HINCH, who presents his rifle at his head, MAY rushes between them with a scream. PICTURE.*

MAY. Ah! (chord.)

JACK. Coward!

HINCH. Thief! Away with him! You know your business. Spare him? (to MAY) No! Ha, ha, ha! (music. REGULATORS with JACK off R. D. E.)

MAY. Hinch, what is this deed you seek to do? You cannot mean to stain your hands with the blood of him who never injured you. (music, tremolo) I read the malice of your heart in the black and scowling eye; I see your purpose in the dark and frowning brow, but pause in your wicked judgment. You know his innocence, you know how false the accusation; do not let hatred or jealousy urge you to an act of gross injustice.

HINCH. Oh, you need not fear. His life is safe—but the thief must be punished. (music, tremolo on violins, to forte, crescendo with loud chord.)

Enter, R. D. E., dragged by REGULATORS, JACK, hunting-shirt off, undershirt open and stained with red for blood on back, face flushed, hair disordered. Held by cord, MAY screams, goes up as he comes down.

MAY. Oh! (falls at JACK's feet.)

JACK. Poor girl, poor girl! dead, dead!

GIBBS. Hinch! what villainous act is this? (takes up MAY and carries her to L., front, where women are to her.)

HINCH. He stole your horse. He has received the punishment awarded by Judge Lynch.

GIBBS. (to L. C.). Rascal! this is personal malice. There is no justice in the act. You know he is as innocent of the deed as I am. By Heaven, you shall dearly pay for this! my blood boils with indignation at this cowardly act of degradation!

JACK. Degradation! Degraded! All manly feeling seems prostrate within me! ~~Take~~ take your child! I shall but contaminate her with my touch. I feel as if I had sunk beneath the level of a beast. I have been lashed—lashed like a dog, like the snarling cur. What have I

SETTLERS. *REGULATORS.* *SETTLERS.*

STONER. BEN. HINCH. *REGULATORS.* *SETTLERS.*
R. B. C. MAY. JACK. REES. WHITE. NOAH.
L. C. L.

done that I should be doomed to suffer this foul disgrace? who is he whose hand set this foul dishonor on me?

HINCH. Look here! I said that I would repay the obligation that I owed.

JACK. Ah! (REGULATORS hold him back from HINCH) Devil, devil! Oh, that my hands were free. I would sacrifice my life but for five minutes' liberty, that I might avenge me on that cowardly ruffian and his base companions!

BEN. Never mind, Jack! a time will come. They outnumber us now, and for the present rule the roast, but they won't have it all their own way long. I must say, gentlemen, and without flattery, you're the double-darnedest set of unfeeling scalliwags as ever I came near.

HINCH. Use better words or—

BEN. I shan't! I'm a free and independent citizen of the gloriouslest Republic the eagle ever flew across—and I shan't!

HINCH. Then, I'll make you! (music. Seizes BEN. Struggle. Throws him R. 2 R., and he tumbles to the bar, where he gets knife. Rushes at HINCH, who avoids him, and cuts JACK's rope.)

BEN. Who said my cutlery had no cut? Hooroar!

JACK seizes HINCH and throws him, after wrestle, L. C. front, feet for his knife; business.

HINCH. Fire!

MAY rushes to JACK and forces to C., where she covers him by embracing him. HINCH rises and rapidly joins REGULATORS L. C., who lift their guns.

MAY. Aye, fire! do! complete your deed of blood! Together we will perish!

HINCH. Fire, I say!

BEN. (gets JACK's rifle). No, no! I can't stand this. (chord) There's but one bullet, but it shall be for the foot who pulls trigger!

JACK. My rifle! my rifle! (takes it from BEN) Now then for vengeance! (BEN talks MAY. Music.)

Goes up R. side, REGULATORS up L. side, ALL with guns "at the ready," Indian fashion, watching each party. At R. C. E., JACK quickly wins at REES, who fires. JACK laughs, and fires. REES falls, caught by WHITE and STONER.

JACK (loading). One! in him behold the doom of all! *Oh my vengeance*
STONER. Shot in the eye!
ALL. Shot in the eye! *shall be a life for every last*
JACK (dumps rock R. C. E.). He, ha! (ALL fire. JACK is seen going off, up steps, laughing.)

*JACK.

HINCH.

*REGULATORS.

*STONER.

REES. (dead).

*WHITE.

SETTLERS.

BEN.

NOAH. MAY.

QUICK CERTAIN.

*MAY. JACK. BEN. HINCH. REGULATORS.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Swamp in 1st grove. Gun down.**Enter, L., HIRSH, WHITE and STOKER, armed as before, with rifle.*

STO. (S.). The peddler will be sure to come this way. I heard them direct him to take this path by the swamp.

HIRSH. Should this be a lucky hit, it will afford us means to quit this hated spot. Since that cursed affair of Long's, I have lived the life of a dog that's doomed. (very nervous, glances frequently around, etc.) I have started and shaken at every whisper of the breeze. I have heard the voice of vengeance in every wild bird's scream. In the lightning's flash, I have seen the fixed and fatal glances of the never-fading eye—that eye which guides the unerring bullet and sends it crashing through the brain.

STO. Yes; the fatal shot in the eye. (All start and shudder.)

HIRSH. That tale is mine—as fixedly mine, as is the sea-based rock. I feel it, and the feeling grows upon me, till conviction nestles in my heart and drives all doubt from memory. You remember on that day he felt our vengeance, the awful death of Ross? You also remember the fatal words Long then uttered: "In him," said he, "you mark the doom of all!" "All ten!" and terribly, it seems, he will keep his word. Within the last four months, one after another, Martin, Dey, Richard, Gow, and Joe Halifax have been struck down when least expected, by some unseen hand, and all shot in the eye! Who then can be the secret slayer, whose rifle it is that carries such sure, such deadly vengeance, whose but Jack Long of Texas? (curses S.)

STO. We'd better do as Williams, Davis and Winter have done; git out of the State as soon as we kin!

WHITE. Bah! let us bide our time, I say. We may chance to catch Long napping, and our bullets may carry a billet as well as his—his head is not so thick but lead will enter it.

HIRSH. The red warrior of the bush is not more wary than Long, not more certain than he. No, I have but one chance of safety; when my path is on the wide waters, when the sea divides us, I may be safe, but not till then. While here, I am like the light-lured insect, that flutters round the flame of its destruction.

WHITE. Then I'd be off before I burnt my wings.

HIRSH. If all goes well, I will.

WHITE. Well, I think this spec of the peddler's offers a chance.

HIRSH. You say he carries his money in his pack?

STO. Yes.

HIRSH. And I have heard it is something considerable.

WHITE. Enough to set us floating and well-ballasted for another State.

HIRSH (starts, prepares his rifle). Hark! (looks L.) What's that?

STO. I heard nothing.

HIRSH. It sounded like the breaking of a twig or as if a light foot had crushed a withered branch beneath it.

WHITE (L.). I see nothing.

HIRSH. No! (shakes head) 'tis my own fears—every sound falls like a chill upon my heart. I cannot bear this uncertainty. I'd better boldly face the danger that threatens than this life of withered misery. 'Tis true, Long's vengeance comes suddenly, but it comes sweeping as the midnight whirlwind; it may be expected in the lone log hut, as well as on the broad prairie, to the bright sun as in the darkening mist. It has

been felt beneath the sheltering roof, and on the threshold of the homestead, the lighted eye of vengeance came like the fatal flash that reads the lofty forest pine. (crosses L.)

WHITE. Hush! (looks L.)

HIRSH (recedes to C.). What do you hear?

WHITE. The peddler!

HIRSH (smiles, relieves). Back! back a few paces, and the wood grows darker. Come, come. (music. They retreat between 1st and 2d cuts of S. groves. WILLY JONES, heard singing off L.)

Oh, Willy Jones is a fair-dealing peddler,
And he travels from New York to Texas,
With the ladies, men say, he's a meddler,
But the girls say, he never can vex us!

(enters, L.). This is a wild and lonely spot, but the last location they told me my nearest way to Woodbridge was across the swamp, and by my troth! we peddlers must not be too dainty about our roads, as if we were the President himself taking an afternoon ramble. So on, Willy, and—(HIRSH shows his head R.) Oh! what was that? (HIRSH exits, R. WILLY sings as before, "Oh, Willy Jones," etc.) I don't half like this place, but, who! the peddler's a strong heart and a sturdy hand. (seizes his stick) And with equal odds, they must be cunning to overcome.

[Exit S., singing as before, voice dying out. Music.]

HIRSH. Now, lads! (STOKER and WHITE follow him on R.) for our booty! (off S. Music. Struggle heard, from Oh!)

Scene changes to

SCENE II.—*Interior of Trader's store, in 3rd grove. Gun down half-turn.**Discover HECTOR seated up C., polishing horse-pistols. HECTOR sings.*

Oh, Hector was a fine king
An' born in Tuscaloosa—
Oh, he was up to eberyting,
From a chicken to a goose!

Dar, him tink de flint all right. Whar dat powder-horn! whar dat horn! if dat keep away from me, I shall blow him up! iss, blow up de powder-horn! Oh! dar he is! dem bullets too! Yes, I see all right. Pistils, bullet, powder—(sings.)

King Hector him could 'top
A bullet wid him head—
Oh wud he had a crop
Dat would make a fadder-bed!

Ha, yah! Now, Massa Gibb', you am squite safe—squite strong. If um take to de words two pistils and one niggah dar'll stick to um-like mud—good Massa make good niggah! If eber dis chile forgets him kin'-ness, him heart mus' be as brack as his face!

Enter, L., BEN SMALL.

BEN. Well, Hector, is everything ready?

HEC. (rises). Iss, Massa Ben, eberything as right as um trivet.



BEA That's well, yew air as good a specimen of honest darkness as any in the State. You're worth your weight in dollars.

HAC. (Laughs). Him berry heabby niggah, massa, wid him cowhides on. (brings his foot down heavily)

BEA No matter, you'd be a bargain, if you were double your weight.

HAC. You flatter him, massa Ben. (pretends modesty)

BEA No, I don't flatter. I do justice.

HAC. I've berry much obliged to you, for you' good s'pinion, massa!

Enter, B. N., DICK.

DIX. (C.). They're coming. Ben! my poor young lady droops like the willow. I'm afraid she's heart-struck. Who would have thought that four months would have wrought such a change.

BEA She has never held up her head since that affair of poor Jack Long.

DIX And then his strange disappearance since that fatal day.

BEA Well, I don't think that strange at all.

DIX. No!

BEA No! I'm sure poor Jack's honest heart was e'en almost broke tew pieces at the disgrace he endured; he couldn't face the woman he loved after the foul dishonor heaped upon him by that scoundrel Hinch.

HAC. Ah! but it am all ober wid Massa Hinch now.

BEA True. Great wrong has done much good. The curse of the settlement has been removed. The self-styled Regulators, with their Lynch law, within these few months have dwindled down to the three greatest rascals of the lot; three were shot on the main road by some unseen hand; though well I guess I kin guess whose anerring aim it was that sealed their fate; others, through fear of a similar doom, fled up country, while Hinch and his two companyos were by general voice driven forth and have become the very outcasts of society; and we now manage to regulate ourselves without regulators. (thunder ready.)

DIX Good Master Gibbs thinks that change of scene may do Miss May good; so we cross the timber to-day for a distant settlement, where he purposes staying a few months.

BEA I shall miss yew! (sighs) Ah! Yet I'm not so selfish as to deprive May of your services. At present, I should like yew to stay with her, and cheer her in her loneliness; but don't forget my loneliness at the same time! I shall be as dull as one of my opposition-trader's knives till yew cum back.

DIX. Hush! here come Mr. Gibbs and Miss May. (music.)

NOAR and MAY enter L. V. E., and on by D. in V.

BEA. You are welcome, sir. Same to you, Miss May. And I trust you'll see happy days yet.

MAY. There is but one place in which I can hope to meet happiness—the grave—the quiet harbor for the sad and suffering. I have lived long enough to see virtue sink beneath the trammels of vice, and bold-faced villainy lord it o'er the honest and manly heart.

BEA. But for a time, miss. Hasn't judgment already been quick to overtake the offenders.

GIBBS. True. (to MAY) Vengeance will come on them, sudden and unexpected, as summer's thunder departs. Depend upon it, Jack Long lurks in the neighborhood, unnoticed and unseen, until he can pay back with fearful interest the debt he owes.

MAY. Vengeance is poor payment for broken hopes and shattered feel-

ings; it can ne'er give the calm repose that outrage has banished from the heart, nor can it erase from memory the recollection of deep, of deadly injury. If we cannot forget, we should endeavor to forgive, and leave punishment to that power who, in his own good time, will deal out certain judgment to the doers of an evil deed! (crosses E.)

GIBBS. Oh! May, yours is a forgiving temper. But what punishment can be too great for rascals who drove an honest and innocent man from hearth and home, who fixed the hand of disgrace upon one, whose only fault was that he was better loved and better liked than their own villainous lot!

BEA. Ah! never fear, miss, but they'll get their deserts at last. I wonder how they've escaped so long; but the devil's children have the devil's luck, they say. But they are sure to be left to their loving father at last! (thunder softly.)

HAC. But on'y for a short time till he meet um ag'in, in him fambly mansion (pointing) down dar! (thunder louder. Jumps.)

BEA. Hullo! Look out for squalls—no travelling to-night. A storm's brewing. (lightning ready L. V. E.)

MAY. A storm! why, the evening was calm and fine when we set forth. (thunder, louder. Goes down wholly E. and L. V. E.)

BEA. The storms of this climate give very little warning—they are here and gone in the snapping of a trigger. But while they dew last, there's danger in every wind that blows. Hector! step out and close the shutters of the window. (Hector goes up, opens E. in V. Lightning L. V. E. Thunder, very loud. Hector closes door. Thunder. Rain.)

HAC. (comes down C.). Oh! massa, him blow him eye out!

BEA. What ails you, Hector! Frightened at a flash of lightning. (soothes him E. C.)

MAY. I'm not surprised at Hector's fright. I'm sure I shiver and shake in every limb.

BEA. Mr. Gibbs, lead the females to the back of the house. This part of the store is exposed tew the fury of the storm. You'll find it safer there.

Rain, Thunder and Lightning, with music kept up. Between two forte passages of latter, STOKER's cry of "Help!" is heard L. V. E.

What's that?

MAY. A cry for help!

STO. (at back). Help! help!

MAY. A cry as of one in mortal agony. (lightning, thunder, rain.)

STO. (same). Help! oh, help!

MAY. Again! some fellow-creature is perishing amidst the war of elements, some one needs assistance in his hour of peril.

BEA. Indeed! Then step into the next room with your father, while I and Hector go out and see which way the wind blows. (goes up. Lightning, thunder, rain. Crash.)

GIBBS. Back, back! (sees BEA down C.) The old elm, whose branches cover the roof, has been struck by lightning. (points to window) See! it totters—it falls! (music, L. half of flat and at roof fall front to let down large trunk of tree. STOKER runs up on the fallen flat. Help! help!)

Enter, L. V. E., JACK LONG with rifle, up the fallen flat. STOKER scrambles over tree and to E. front, where he falls on knees, with extended hands.

MAY, GIBBS, BEA, HECTOR from group L. side.

JACK. Coward! thy doom is fixed, thy time is come! (fires rifle.)



STONER *rises and falls dead*) Wagh! ha, ha! Five! five! *(runs to L. c. s.)* Five, five! *[Exit, L. c. s.]*

MAY. Great Heaven, 'tis he! *(up c.)* Stay, stay! but for a moment. He hears me not. With swift foot like the wild deer, he makes towards the wood—he gains it, and in a moment he will be again lost to me! Stay, stay! I come to share your fate, or perish with you! *(rushes upon and over him and faints away)*

GIBBE. My child, my child!

BEN. Here, miss, miss?—why, what in farnation is the matter?

Hec. *(carrying STONER up a little)*. Oh, massa, massa! 'tis Jack Long, for see! de dead man hab been shot free de eye! *(chord)*

GIBBE looking after MAY. BEN C. HECTOR half supporting STONER, dead.

MAY going off L.

SCENE III. *(Enter BEN C. HECTOR, MUSIA, STONER, and GIBBE.)*

Enter, quickly L., JACK LONG.

JACK. Five, five! half my task is accomplished. They that would foil me, must borrow the cunning of the fox. Ha, ha, ha! My eye was on him, and he shrank beneath its glare; my voice like the warning tone of death, fell upon the wretch's ear, and at its sound he shook as the tamarack beneath the norther! 'Tis done, 'tis done! three I have suffered to escape—three whose eyes beamed with something like remorse as the lash cut deep into my quivering flesh—two more, two more and my vengeance will be satisfied. *(loads rifle)* Hark, hark! a bell! it is my marriage peal! True, I had forgot! 'tis my wedding-mat! my bride waits. I come, I come. *(crosses R.)* These *(looks at dress)* are gay garments for a happy bridegroom! *(starts)* What dark shadow is that! *(returns to c.)* It crosses the bright sun-ray, and shuts from my sight the loved one of my heart! Oh, 'tis the serpent's poisonous folds that coil around my back—whose sting enters my very flesh—those lashes, those lashes! they cut to my heart! Devils, devils! you never can be men! off, off! *(music. Rushes off R.)*

Music changes from staccato tremolo to long plaintive chords, piano. Enter, L., MAY, dress torn, face pale, exhausted air.

MAY. My body's weakness keeps not pace with my spirits, while the speed with which I have followed him for whom I live, has prostrated my strength, and I could lay me down and die upon this very spot. Night, too, is closing round me, and I am alone! *(kneels. Music)* Oh, Heaven, desert me not in this hour of peril. What do I see? The track of footsteps! Yes, 'tis so! *(music, forte, then piano as before till MAY's rise)* Thanks, thanks! I am not deserted. They must lead me to some habitation. *(rises)* This way they lead. Another! I am on the track. *[Exit, R.]*

Enter HINCH and WHITE, L.

WHITE. Where the devil is Stoner?

HINCH. *(R.)*. He ought to have been here by this time.

WHITE. He's dropped into something snug, you may depend.

HINCH. Or, he has left us like the rest.

WHITE. He couldn't do that conveniently: he is as much in the mud

as we are in the mire. He has taken too many liberties with the property of the settlement ever to show his face there. If he did, a long rope and a short prayer would be his doom, for we haven't been very particular!

HINCH. Not!

WHITE. No, we haven't stuck even at murder.

HINCH. Well, that fool deserved his fate; he valued his property more than his life, so in striving to save one, he lost the other.

WHITE. Yes; the peddler stuck to his pack.

HINCH. Which wasn't worth the rifling when we had it. It's strange that Stoner should be away so long.

WHITE. He left me to go to a log-house on the border of the settlement to buy some rum with the peddler's money.

HINCH. *(crosses R.)*. Come on then. The body must be concealed. *(music. HINCH and WHITE exeunt R.)*

Scene changes to

SCENE IV.—Log Hut interior and wood in 3rd grooves. Gas down half-turn. Music, piano.

Discover JACK LONG, seated by fire in hut, rifle in hand.

JACK. I lack music to-night; the howl of the wolf is hushed, the moon's too bright for the coyotes to yelp. Cold, cold! *(stirs fire with rifle butt)* There's ice at my heart and fire to my brain, ha, ha, ha! *(holds up left hand open, counts fingers with right)* One—two—three—four—five—but five have met the doom they merit! I felt their red blood splash in my face. I would not remove the stain for all the gold in the Gila! *(music)* No, no, no! one—two—three—four—five! *(same business as before, mechanically. Does over fire. Music, change.)*

Enter MAY, L. 1 R.

MAY. Thank Heaven, I have reached a human habitation; that some one dwells within, I am certain, for the red fire flashes through the crevice in the door. I will seek shelter. But hold—in seeking for a friend, may I not find and encounter a foe? Oh, I dare not pause; there can be none so void of humanity that would refuse rest and shelter to a lost and lonely traveller. *(crosses around to R. in hut flat. Knocks there. Chord.)*

JACK starts up and presents rifle. MAY opens door. Picture.

JACK. No, no, not you! you are not one of the doomed.

MAY. Oh, Heaven be praised! I have found him. What can this mean! *(coming down, JACK stares at her)* The fixed eye, the vacant gaze, the silent tongue! In mercy speak to me! *(pause)* What horrid thought is forming in this whirling brain. Do I look upon the wreck of him I love; has the deep wrong he has suffered driven all the noble qualities of mind from their resting-place? Oh, agony! it is so; the intellect is gone, and I behold naught but the wandering maniac. *(t. c.)*

JACK. No, no, not you! you are like the fair being that visits me in my dreams of peace. Your voice sounds like the sweet birds' melody. You are like the memory of past days, happy, happy ones! Let me look at your face, *(business. Mournfully)* No! I think I can remember. *(pause)* No! *(as before, counting)* One, two, three, four, five!

MAY. My heart will surely break; my lips are parched, and I am choking. Water, water, water! (*music*. MAY falls at JACK's feet. JACK looks down at her, then gets water-guard. MAY drinks, revives, kneels at his feet, bursts into tears.) Oh, do you not know me! me, May! your bride! your love! I would speak to you of the summer days that we've passed together, speak of the manly vow you breathed beneath the spreading branches of the forest oak, when first you told to a willing ear your tale of love! speak of the green home where dwells the gray-haired father, who mourns your lengthened absence; of the mother whose eye is dim from watching for the son that was the staff and comfort of her age; and, oh! let the remembrance of these hallowed scenes call back your thoughts to home, to happiness and love. (*music*.)

JACK looks steadily at her; a sudden gleam of reason returns to him, his hand on his forehead; is about to speak, when he repulses her and, in usual tone, speaks.

JACK. One, two, three, four, five! (*MAY falls in a faint*. JACK lifts her and places her *x.* by fire, her head on his knee.)

Enter, *x.* 1 *x.*, HINCH and WHITE.

HINCH. This way. The body's safe enough now, and will tell no tales. No news of Stoner yet. An icy fear creeps over me and seems to tell me, he has met the doom of all. Hush!

WHITE. Hullo! what now?

HINCH (*at window in the central set wall*). No, no! it cannot be.

WHITE. Cannot be? what cannot be?

HINCH. That he—the cause of all our suffering—Jack Long—

WHITE. What mean you?

HINCH. Is there—there!

WHITE. There! Jack Long? You don't say so?

HINCH. And with him May Gibbs!

WHITE (*looks*). Now is our time for vengeance. (*rifle up.*)

HINCH (*gently*). His rifle hangs upon his arm. You know how certain is his aim, and I fear I cannot reach him without injuring the girl. He shall die! I have suffered enough for him, and now—(*raises rifle*) but hold! I should like first to get the girl within my power, and then, proud beauty, the broad prairie of the red lands shall be the bridal home of Hinch and his bonny bride. Let me see, how is it to be done?

WHITE. I'll do it! I can softly climb the tree that hangs across the roof, and when there, take a sure aim at him without injuring the gal. So, away, and the report of my rifle will be your signal to rush in and secure the girl. Will that plan do?

HINCH. Excellent! Ha, ha, ha! Now, Jack, 'tis once more my turn to triumph! but gently, gently. (*music*.)

Goes along set hut wall and up on rocks, *x.* v. *x.*, so as to be seen over the hut roof. WHITE exits *x.* 1 *x.*, to re-enter, *x.* v. *x.*, on tree. JACK reawakens MAY, half sanely.

MAY (*revived*). Heaven direct me in the course I must pursue. I will not leave him here—no, no! I will, if possible, prevail upon him to accompany me to the settlement and then—(*music*. WHITE on tree takes aim. *See WHITE*) Oh!

JACK raises his rifle and fires through window. WHITE falls on branch, which breaks and falls forward. WHITE slides, dead, front, upon it. Moonlight on him.

JACK. Six! but one, but one!

x. in 2 *x.* set opens roughly. Enter HINCH there.

HINCH. Ah! (*HINCH sees JACK standing and reloading, recognizes him, turns, drops his rifle, rushes out*. MAY throws herself between and wrestles with JACK.)

JACK. The last, the last! Revenge, revenge! (*HINCH goes up rocks *x.* v. *x.* wildly.*)

MAY. Jack, Jack! for the love of Heaven, no more bloodshed. Pity! mercy!

* HINCH.

* WHITE. (*dead.*)

* JACK.

* MAY.

Scene closes in.

SCENE V.—*Forest Wood. Gas same as last. Down-side Bush, *x.**

HINCH (*stammers on *x.**). He has lost me. I escaped him by crouching in the underbrush. I marked as he rushed by me the wild glare of his eyes; 'twill rest in my memory till mine are closed in death. Could I gain the river's bank, I know a boat will quickly pass that might bear me from this hated settlement. Terror has so shaken me that my limbs are scarce fit for their office. Death can never equal suffering like this. Why am I such a coward that I cannot meet it boldly? Can I ask that question, and look at the blood upon my hands. Ah! (*starts*) 'Tis he! (*looks *x.**) he is on my trail—he tracks me like the scenting hound. Oh! for safe concealment once again! I ask no more. I hear the sound of his foot. Courage! courage, I—I—Oh, heaven! my strength fails me. (*guts *x.* slowly*) Yet I must try—there—there! he is here! Oh, Heaven! mercy—courage! mercy, mercy! (*music*.)

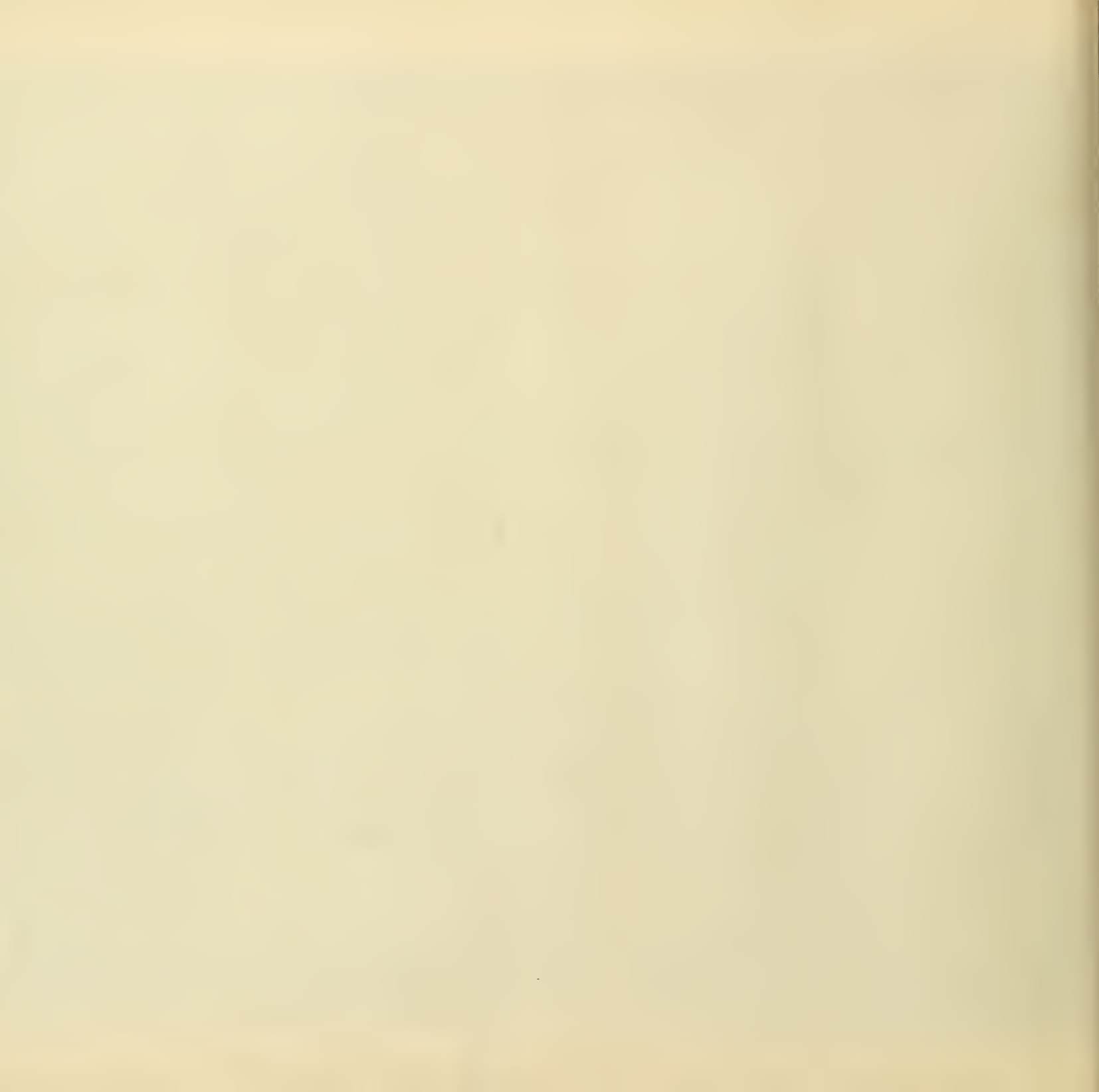
Falls, crawls behind set bush as JACK enters *x.*

JACK. But one—but one remains, and he was in my grasp, when the fiend he serves, stepped in and snatched him from me. No, no! 'twas no fiend—'twas an angel so bright, so beautiful, that asked for pity—mercy! Ha, ha! no pity, no mercy but such as he showed to me! I shall have him yet! I will pursue him to the death, aye, and find him too, though he sought shelter in the heart of the gnarled oak. (*primes rifle. Exit HINCH, *x.**) Ha! ha! (*looks down*) this way my flying bird has winged his flight. This way—this way—four, five, six! now for the seventh, the seventh. (*music*.)

[Exit, *x.*

Enter, *x.* MAY.

MAY. With what speed the terror-stricken wretch flies from his just avenger. Long gains upon him, he levels his rifle—brief are the moments between him and dread eternity. Ah! (*shudders*) I cannot look upon the act that dooms him to the death he merits. (*covers face with hands. Pause*) No sound! The death-dealing rifle does not do its work in silence. (*looks off *x.**) By Heaven, Hinch has gained the mountain covert. Long, Long! 'tis May that calls! I dare not stay in this wild



spot alone—oh, no! better seek protection in the woods and wilds—Long, Long! (*runs off L.*)

Enter, B., GIBBS, BEN and HECTOR.

BEN. Yew must hev stepped acount to hev overtakin me, I reckon. I'm no snail—I don't crawl.

HAC. No! him run like a race-hoss! him fly like de swallow—dough him don't look berry much like one—him too fat about de head.

GIBBS. Have you seen aught of my daughter? Tell me—relieve my anxiety. Let me hear from you a hope that she is safe, for life without her would be a black, sunless and dark as blackest night. She is all that remains to me of the loved one of my early days. The green grave covers the mother—Heaven in its mercy preserve the child to its lonely father.

BEN. Come, come, Judge, don't droop! she's all right, depend upon it.

HAC. Me hope so! from de tip-top bottom ob my heart! Oh, oh! (*sings.*)

BEN. Don't blubber, you black brute. It will be all right, Noah! she's too good and too far a gal for Providence to desert her in the hour of peril; it must be a black heart to raise a hand to injure one who never did harm to living soul.

GIBBS. Heaven send safety to the forest wanderer! guide me on her path, lead the almost broken-hearted father to his loved and helpless child.

HAC. Oh, Mass' Noah! dis too much for my tendra feelin's, my eyes run oberlike on water spout!

BEN. I'll make yew run if yew don't hold your tongue. Hullo! (*looks down*) what's this? a footprint?

HAC. (*brings his foot down*). A footprint? Yah!

BEN. Take your black hoof off it—it was never made to fit a foot like yours.

GIBBS. 'Tis small! it is—it must be my daughter's—'tis May's! This way! (*goes L.*) Oh, Heaven direct me. (*calls*) May, May!

[*Exit, L.*]

BEN. Stop, Noah, stop! He's off! don't stand there with your mouth open as wide as the front door of Fannel (Fancull) Hall! Come, step out your best.

HAC. Dat him will—while he hab a leg to stand on.

BEN. Come, come, don't stand talking there till you git a toothache. (*hustles HECTOR off L. and exit.*)

Scene changes to

SCENE VI.—*Conte.*—River and Landscape in 5th grooves. Gas is half turn down, but is gradually let on, for sunrise effect during the Scene.

Discover HINCH on rock L., looking R., hand guarding his eyes.

HINCH. No signs of the vessel yet! By this time it should be near. I will hail her when she nears here—they will send their boat, and once on board, I'll laugh at all that Long can do. Is it? Yes, yes! 'tis she now at the bend! (*calls*) Hilliahoy! hillion! They hear me not! Ah! my neckerchief! (*waves handkerchief*). Whistles of steamboat N. V. E. Steamboat whistled on N. V. E. They see it! the boat is lowered! Ha, ha, ha! I am safe! (*comes from rock to C. going R.*)

Enter, N. 3 E., JACK. Picture. Chord.

JACK (*rises up*). Seven!

HINCH (*falls on knees*). Mercy, mercy!

JACK. Mercy! ha, ha, ha! seek it from the hungry lion, or the prowling tiger.

HINCH. Mercy, mercy!

JACK. Mercy! what! would you ask me to give up that which I have watched for and prayed for—the very life of my life's blood? the thought that has nourished me! the only draught of joy in my wrecked and lighted life! Ha, ha, ha! fool, fool!

HINCH. Take your eye from me! I cannot bear its glance.

MAY (*off N. 2 S.*). Long, Long!

HINCH. Oh, some one comes! I may be saved. Help, help! (*rises.*)

JACK. In vain you call for help! breathe your last prayer, and in an instant all will be darkness with Hinch the Regulator.

MAY (*runs on N. 2 E.*). Mercy, mercy! spare him, spare him!

JACK (*sees as MAY almost touches his arm. HINCH falls dying. Music for HINCH's death and JACK's joy*). Seven! ha, ha, ha! my vengeance is complete! (*steamboat works across and off L. V. E. Falls exhausted, laughing convulsively.*)

MAY. Oh, horror! what a scene is this! (*hands clasped. Music, heavily.*)

GIBBS. } (*off N.*) This way, this way!

BEN. }

Enter, B., quickly, GIBBS, BEN, HECTOR, and SETTLERS.

GIBBS. My child!

MAY. My father!

Enter, SETTLERS' WIVES, and ALL from picture, N. and L.

BEN. And Jack Long too! You've given us a rip-scortling chase, Miss May. What do I see? That rascal Hinch! The shot in the eye! Jimmeddy, Jack! you've robbed the gallows of its due. (*points to HINCH.*)*

MAY. What do you mean?

GIBBS. It means, my child, that we have certain evidence to prove the self-styled Regulators were a notorious band of lawless law-breakers, passing not even at murder. But now the body of a poor peddler was found, murdered in the bush, and by it a rifle bearing the name and mark of Stoner. The Legislature will no doubt thank and reward poor Long when they hear of his ridding Texas of such pests.

MAY (*sees JACK*). My poor, poor Long, you have indeed suffered.

JACK (*groans*). Ah, what voice is that? where am I! have I been dreaming? (*sees HINCH*) Dead, dead! alas, my brain—oh, in mercy, tell me—some dreadful recollections seem lingering in my wandering thoughts, (*looks around at ALL*) Friends' faces are around me, that bring back thoughts that for months have wandered. Misery made me mad; for months past, all memory has left me.

GIBBS. Come with me. Time and kindness will soon heal the wound that misery has inflicted.

MAY. Long, dear Long, do you not know me?

JACK. Ah! that voice! those gentle tones—they bring me back to the time when she, my bride, was clasped to my heart in innocence and joy

* GIBBS. MAY. JACK. HINCH. BEN.

—and now—(*bursts into sob*) Ah! 'tis she! 'tis she! (*in a transport*) May, May!

MAY. He knows me—memory returns!

JACK. Alas! I cannot claim thee now! my hands are red with crime! I cannot now claim thee as—

MAY. Thy wife! my love! my husband!

JACK (*embraces MAY*). My own, my treasured one! But oh! father, I fear I have done a deed—

GIENNA. Yes; when all guide and guard had left you! and when madness raged. But He who has sent affliction, will look with mercy on the deed done in your senses' darkness. The reward of our State also awaits you.

JACK. The night of darkness has passed, and the day breaks! With some comes sorrow! I am a blood-bespattered man! and I look but hopeless!

MAY. The deed will justify the means, and Heaven and man—

JACK. I hope, will pardon Jack Long of Texas! (*looks with MAY. Music.*)

All form picture.

SETTLERS.

SETTLERS.

HINCH.* GIENNA.* MAY.* *HINCH. (dead) *JACK. *DINAH. *BEN.

SLOW CURTAIN.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS FOR PROGRAMMES, SMALL HILLS, Etc., Etc.

ACT I.—FRONTIER SETTLEMENT IN TEXAS.

With distant View of the Rolling Prairie, by Sunrise—The "Horse-Thieves" and Regulators—The Never-oiled Shot—The Yankee Trader riled—Border Matchmaking—The Throats of Malice. The Stolen Steed.

THE BARBECUE AND SHOOTING-GROUNDS.

The Follow-my-leader Bullets—The Judgment of Squire Lynch—The Flagellation—The Vow of Vengeance—The Free Fight—"In One see the Doom of All"—Tableau.

ACT II.—CYPRESS SWAMP IN THE CROSS TIMBERS.

The Pirates of the Prairie on the Look-out—The Peddler and his Fate—The Trapped Pioneer—Ben Small's Story—The "Norther"—The Terrors of the Toronado—The Fugitive Criminal—The Shot in the Eye!

THE CHAPPARAL.

The Maniac Hunter—The Regulator's Remorse.

THE SCOUT'S REFUGE IN THE THICKET.

The Tree over the Cannon—The Last but One—The Villain's Flight and the Appeal for Mercy.

INDIAN TRAIL THROUGH THE BLACKGROWTH.

The Chase Continued—The Narrow Escape.

PAINTED ROCK

On the Fork of the Rio Bravo—The Anxious Wait—The Last Hope Wrecked—The Shot in the Eye—The Cure by Love—The Happy Sequel—Tableau.

SYNOPSIS.

THE action of the play commences in the street of a Texas frontier village, where HINCH, STONKS and BEN meet. Their talk shows them to be "Regulators." HINCH had just been laying a snare to have JACK LONG suspected as a horse-thief before the other two join him. WHITE and another Regulator come on and accuse HINCH with having stolen a horse on his own hook and trying to fleece the rest out of their share. HINCH, finding that he is trapped, owns up; while WHITE, whose tongue is lubricated with whiskey, tells him he had best beware of JACK LONG, the boldest man and best shot in all TEXAS. The Regulators know that HINCH hates LONG, because he has won the love of MAY GIENNA, the lovely child of the thrifty NOAH GIENNA. The interview of the Regulators is broken in upon by an original cude genius of a Yankee peddler, BEN SMALL by name. While BEN is chaffing the Regulators, a shot is heard, and soon thereafter JACK LONG enters, the model of a frontiersman in person, accoutrements and dress. JACK is asked to join the Regulators, but tells them plainly that he doesn't "train in that company," and gives forcible reasons for his dislike to their tactics. Soon the rest of the party retire, leaving BEN and JACK together, who have a friendly chat, which is ended by JACK going to get MAY to go with him to a grand shooting match. BEN is only a second alone ere DINAH enters, and a merry dialogue ensues ere the scene ends. In the next scene HINCH enters a room in the house of former GIENNA, where he finds HECORE, an amusing negro servant. The former trusts the ducky waller so implicitly, that a fight is in progress, only stopped by the entrance of MAY. As soon as HECORE leaves, HINCH vigorously proves his suit with MAY in vain. He threatens the life of JACK, when the latter suddenly enters, and HINCH makes himself scarce. Very soon MAY's father enters, and JACK obtains his consent to the marriage. The interview is broken in upon by HECORE coming to yell out that the horse Thunderbolt had been stolen. The next scene shows a large party of settlers, women and children, the Regulators, and MAY and JACK. A shooting match is proceeding, in course of which JACK LONG puts his bullet right through the hole made by HINCH's every time. GIENNA runs in to seek the aid of the Regulators to recover Thunderbolt; but while he is talking, some of the Regulators enter, reporting that they had found the horse in JACK LONG's enclosure. Here a violent scuffle ensues, JACK is torn from his friends by HINCH and his allies, dragged out, and returns excited and bleeding. HINCH taunts JACK, but as the latter's arms are bound, he cannot harm the devilish Regulator. BEN cuts JACK's cords, and one of the Regulators, BEN, fires at and misses JACK, who returns the fire, sending a ball into the aggressor's brain. "Shot in the eye!" they all exclaim, as JACK rushes off unhurt, and a volley.

The next Act opens with a dismal night scene in a swamp. HINCH, WHITE and STONKS, armed with rifles, are there. Their conversation informs us that they are waylaying BEN, the Yankee peddler. They purpose, by means of killing and plundering him, to put the seal between them and the blazing wrath of JACK LONG, who has already sent six Regulators to "dusty death" by his unerring "shot in the eye!" The peddler enters, singing, and passes on, followed stealthily by the three

Regulators; a struggle is heard, and a deep groan. In the following scene we see the interior of the peddler's store. HAZEN is singing as BEN comes in, and then they are joined by DYLAN, who tells them that the almost broken-hearted MAY is about going with her father to a distant settlement. As they speak, MAY and her father enter. As a violent storm comes up, the peddler places MAY and Mr. GRASS in the back part of the store. A tree struck by lightning crashes down, a shot is heard, a wild cry, LONE is seen for a moment; SPONER crawls in to fall dead, "Shot in the eye!" LONE makes for the forest, followed by MAY. Now we find JACK LONG, seated in a log hut, brooding over his wrongs, until he falls asleep. MAY enters. JACK does not see her, but goes on mechanically counting the number of his enemies he "has wiped out." STECK and WHITE look in at a window of the hut, and plan to shoot JACK without harming MAY. No sooner, however, do they leave the window than JACK goes to it, alone, fires, and kills WHITE. Then, as the piece continues, JACK encounters HOWCH, the last and worst of the Regulators, and he too falls from the deadly "Shot in the eye!" MAY and JACK are married, and the latter is publicly proven to be entirely clear of the crime of which he was falsely accused by the self-styled Regulators.

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